PHANTASM of JAMESTOWN'S FAMINE

BY EDWARD B. CLARK

WASHINGTON.—In Washington there is a little organization of men who call themselves "The Survivors of the Jamestown Famine." This little society has no incorporation papers and it has no legal existence, its members being bound together simply by the ties of friendship, knitted close as a result of a pleasure excursion made four years ago to the site of the old city of Jamestown in the James river, a few miles back from the coast. The society was the outgrowth of a pleasure trip of which Representative William B. McKinley of Illinois was the leader and host.

The Survivors include an even dozen of congressmen and another even dozen of newspaper men. From the time that they took their trip southeastward from the capital they have met together occasionally to eat and drink of the good things of earth and to live over in memory their terrible experiences during the famine. Now those who have dug into history know that the old Jamestown colony suffered terribly from hunger and that many of the colonists died of starvation. The members of congress and the newspaper men who went to Jamestown were so well provided with the good things of life that they feasted most of the time while on their journeying. So it was with a touch of irony and of humor that the excursionists on their return concluded to call themselves "The Survivors of the Jamestown Famine."

The Survivors meet several times during the continuance of each congressional session and they invite high officials to their feasts, and the high officials, with plates and glasses well filled before them hear the pathetic story of the terrible experience that their hosts underwent while making the round trip to Jamestown in a year gone by. It is just a bit of fun, but it serves its purpose of keeping companionable men together and of giving the excuse for two or three moderate feasting occasions during the time that congress is wrestling with legislative problems.

The Survivors have visited Jamestown and the places near it, which are laden with historical interest, a number of times since their first journeying forth. They know to-day more about the old Virginia coast cities than it falls to the lot of most men who live at a distance to know.

Some of the information stored away in the breasts of the Survivors is unburdened on the guests who assemble at each successive feasting. It is real information, and perhaps it is not without its interest.

The old city of Jamestown was situated 40 miles up the broad James river. There is no village to-day at Jamestown, nor even a hamlet, but the visitor to the region who fails to make a pilgrimage to the site of the place "that once was" fails in a duty to himself and to the spirit of things ancient.

The old city of Jamestown has been turned over to the tender mercies of the government and to the tenderer mercies of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, and the mercies in evidence are manifold. The government has built a breakwater to save the island from the ravages of the river and the Antiquities society is hard at work saving the ruins that remain to mark the birthplace of English civilization in America.

There is a church tower on the site of the old settlement that is sturdy in its very decay and no poor monument to the builders of the early seventeenth century. Sitting in the shadow of this tower you can call up enough shades of the past to make an interesting company. Some of the shades must come from a distance, but here in the body they lived and did those things that made their memories a people's inheritance.

Close to the place where the church ruin rises Capt. John Smith gathered the settlers about him and told them the story of the saving of his life by the Indian princess, Pocahontas. Captain John had been in the kingdom of Powhatan to beg or borrow food for his hungry fellows. He had more tales than one to tell, but the Pocahontas story was the day's prime recital.

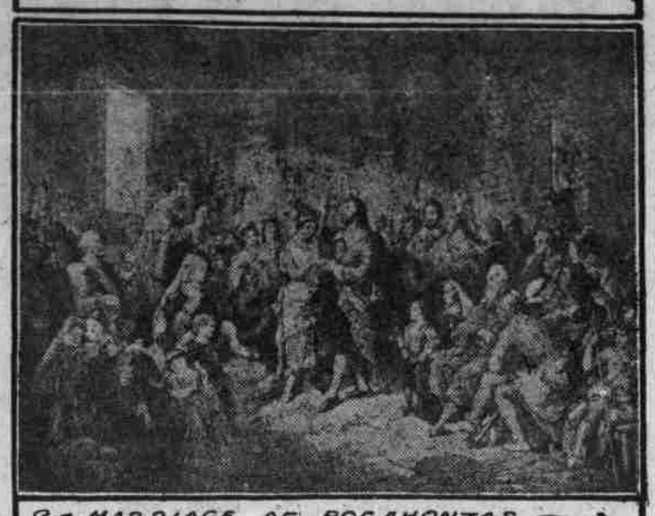
John was a touchy man on points of honor and no doubt his story was received straight-faced by his listeners, but one would like to have been present when the captain was safely retired to the fireside. The first romantic Pocahontas episode is put aside to-day by those who make a business of destroying things in history that the sentimental world holds dearest, but it is just as well to say here that no visitor valuing his comfort of mind and body should cast a stone of doubt at the literal truth of the John Smith tale. The Virginians of to-day are as sensitive about their early history as the doughty captain was about his honor.

Powhatan's daughter was baptized according to the faith of the English church within a few rods of the crumbling tower. She had been captured by one Capt. Argall, who probably took little stock in the other captain's story that the Indian maiden had "hazarded the beating out of her own brains to save his." At any rate the Jamestown people held Pocahontas as prisoner and hostage and converted her to their faith. She was baptized in a church of which to-day there is small vestige left and afterward she was married to John Rolfe in the same sanctuary.

If you desire to bring back the shade of Pocahontas as she looked in life as a child, read Capt. Smith's description of her as he saw her the day he said she saved his life. Here it is: "A child of 10 years old, which for feature, countenance and proportion much exceedeth any of the rest of Powhatan's people."

Excavations have been made recently at Jamestown and the visitor will find much that was hidden from the visitor of the past. Some of the old gravestones have been resurrected and restored and one may read the names of a few of those who died in the famine time, or who met death in the early and almost constant warfare with the Indians. The "God's acre" that outlies the old church tower is in a fair state of preservation and it holds an interest in no way second to the interest attaching to the old graveyard at Plymouth, Mass., even though, for reasons not thoroughly understood, the rock of Plymouth has overshadowed the island of the James through all the years of American history.

Originally Jamestown island was a peninsula, but the river has carried many acres of the land down to the sea, cutting a channel through and isolating the site of the settlement. Material for the repair of history was washed away to the sea, but much remains by means of which the past may be repatched.

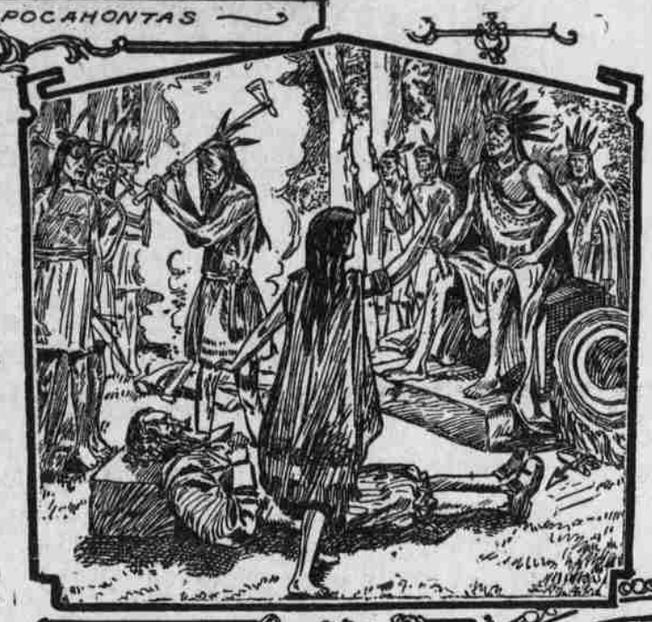


MARRIAGE OF POCAHONTAS

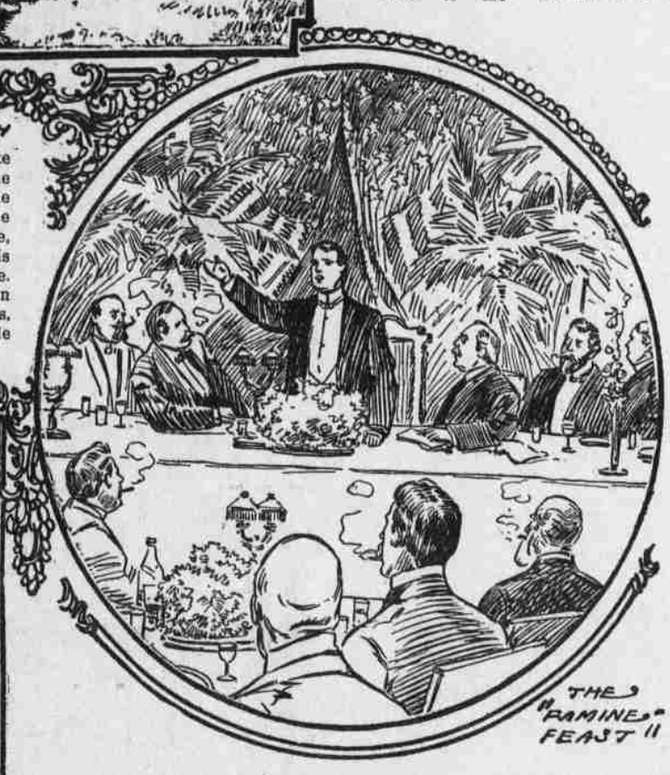
The first representative assembly in America met at Jamestown before the pilgrim fathers landed at Plymouth. It is but a step from the old church tower to the site of the first church which the colonists built and in which the house of burgesses met.

Later a "statehouse" was constructed, and recently, during the work of excavation, the foundationtions of the building were turned up. Near the site of the assembly house the visitor to-day can trace the outlines of the governor's mansion by means of the basic wall which once upheld its superstructure. The settlers' powder magazine, their mainstay of defense, has been preserved in part, though the restless river is trying daily to claim it as it has claimed much before.

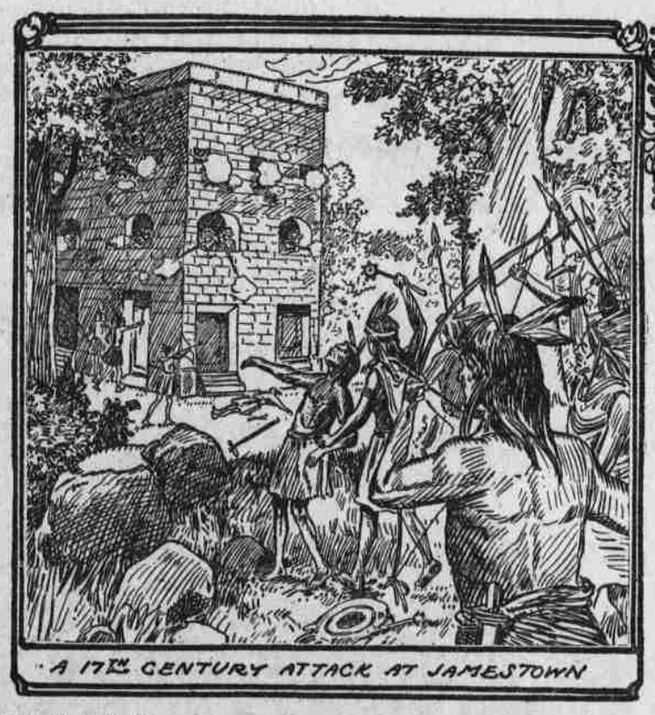
The church whose tower still stands was built in 1620. Through the doorway, which is open to visitors, the colonists led to the marriage altar the "respectable maidens sent over the seas to become the wives of the forlorn settlers who, up to this date, had struggled on without helpmates as best they could, and who now for the payment of 120 pounds of tobacco might pick and choose a wife." On that day in Jamestown Rev. Robert Hunt, or his successor, for history is not clear on the point, held a veritable marriage feast, and fat were the fees paid to him in the coin of the time—the long-leaved Virginia tobacco. A recent visitor thought of that marriage procession as he stood under the tower and he wondered how many of the descendants of the settlers and of the "respectable maidens" have journeyed here to look on the place of their ancestors' marrying.



THE RESCUE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH



"THE FAMINE" FEAST



A 17TH CENTURY ATTACK AT JAMESTOWN

Jamestown was deserted early as years go, but its memories never will desert it. The visitor asked if there were no tangible memorials of Pocahontas in existence and was told that the baptismal font used at her baptism is preserved in Bruton church, Williamsburg, which became the Virginia capital when Jamestown was abandoned. The Pocahontas font has served to hold the baptismal waters of generations of Virginians, and the Bruton church wardens lay great store by it, but when the old Jamestown church is restored there will be ample justification for stealing the sacred vessel to put it back where it belongs.

There are three stories of the Jamestown church tower. In the first story are doorways, arched windows are in one part of the second story and loopholes are in the third story, and to these last the greatest interest attaches. The loopholes appear on all sides of the tower and they were used as embrasures for protruding cannon in times of Indian attack. Figures are dry things at best, but it is worth noting that this tower remnant of an early wilderness edifice is 18 feet square and 36 feet high. The structure is crumbling at the top, but the work of the preservation society will make it all secure.

It is only three miles across country—and a bit of water—from Jamestown island to Williamsburg. Jamestown is largely memory, while Williamsburg is both memory and reality. The past and the present meet in its streets and there is a subtle blending of the two into a midtime atmosphere. Happily the Virginians have held to the love of the old things. It is worth something to know that the main street still is known—see the corner signs—as the Duke of Gloucester street. It is a noble thoroughfare, whatever may be said of the one for whom it was named, and on it stands a courthouse designed by Sir Christopher Wren. There are things worth while in Williamsburg.

At the site of Jamestown the visitor is told that the baptismal font that held the water that washed Pocahontas' heathenism out of her had been taken to Williamsburg. There it is in the old Bruton church and it still holds its age and water well.

Bruton church, by the way, is also on the Duke of Gloucester street, and it is an appealing structure. Whoever the architect was, he has the spirit which makes for beauty. The building is clad with the ivy of England, which grows and thrives in this latitude. The churchyard, as quiet as that of the "Elegy," lies along its walls. It is supposed that the church was named by one of the earlier secretaries of the colony, who was born in Bruton, England.

In the churchyard is a tomb with this inscription:

"Under this marble lieth the body of Thomas Ludwell, Esqr., Secretary of Virginia, who was born at Bruton, in the county of Somerset, in the Kingdom of England, and departed this life in the year 1678."

Close to the north door of the church are the graves of two children of Mrs. Martha Custis, who, when widowed, became the wife of George Washington. It is not the intention to make a necrology of this writing, but it is barely possible that these two inscriptions, which appear on tablets inside the Bruton church, extolling the virtues of the dead, may have a living interest. Here is one of them:

"Near this marble lyes ye Honble. Danel Paeke, of ye county of Essex, Esqr., who was one of his masters counsellors and sometime Secretary of the Collony of Virga. He dyed ye 6th of March, Anno 1679. His other felecitves were crowned by his happy marridg with Rebecka, the daughter of George Evelyn, of the County of Surry, Esqr. She dyed ye 2nd of January, Anno 1672, at Long Ditton, in ye County of Surry, and left behind her a most hopeful progeny."

The other tablet bears this:

"MDCCLII. Inscribed to the memory of Doctor William Cocke, an English physician, born of reputable parents MDCLXXI., at Sudbury in Suffolk, and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge. He was learned and polite, of undisputed skill in his profession and unbounded generosity in his practice, which multitudes yet alive can testify. He was many years of the Council, and Secretary of State for this Colony in the reign of Queen Anne and of King George. He died suddenly, sitting a judge upon the bench of the General Court, in the capitol, MDCCXX. His Hon. friend Alexr. Spottswood, Esqr., then Govnr., with the principal gentlemen of the country, attended his funeral, and weeping, saw the corpse interred at the west end of the alter in this church."

Almost in the shadow of Bruton church stands the Wythe house, for some time the headquarters of George Washington during the siege of Yorktown, which, with its historic memories, lies only a few miles away. The seeds of history were sown thick hereabouts.

Just back of the church and at a point easily reached from the Duke of Gloucester street, stands the old "Powder Horn," built by Governor Spottswood in 1714. This magazine, put up by a British governor, was used afterward by Washington to store powder, which subsequently was rammed into cannon to hurl shot at Cornwallis behind the breastworks of Yorktown. The Virginia Society for the Preservation of Antiquities has restored the Powder Horn, and it is now a museum for relics of the past.

It is hard work to get away from Williamsburg, for there is something holding interest at every turn of the streets and the lanes with the ancient and high-sounding names. A resident of the town said that five presidents had worshiped in the Bruton church and the visitor didn't want to get away until he had seen where they all sat, so fast had the spirit of the old place laid its hand on him.

If a loyal Williamsburger lends his sight-seeing aid you will not be allowed to leave the "oldest incorporated city in America" until you have visited the College of William and Mary, which stands at the head of the Duke of Gloucester street—you can't leave this thoroughfare in the lurch if you try—and which is the oldest college in America, barring only Harvard. The little guidebook of the place tells that among the alumni of "this ancient and honorable college" may be numbered three presidents of the United States, 12 cabinet officers, 19 members of the continental congress, among them its first president, Peyton Randolph; four justices of the supreme court of the United States, including Chief Justice Marshall, together "with a long list of senators, United States envoys and ministers, governors, military and naval officers and five signers of the declaration of independence." The thought on reading the graduate list was that the last ought to have come first.

The half hasn't been told of this old Virginia town. The blunt truth is that when you get into one of these history-teeming places you are lost in wonder that so many things worth remembering by posterity could have happened and that so many men could have had a hand in their happening. They made history fast in Virginia and they made plenty of it.

Not long ago an officer of one of the staff departments of the United States army was made a brigadier-general of the line. A younger officer sneered at the promotion and said that the president was recognizing hard duty done in the cracker and cheese department, while the fellows who fought were overlooked.

Some of the officers of the staff departments of the army have seen as much service on stricken fields as have many of their fellows of the line. Col. Thomas Cruse is doing duty in the quartermaster's department, and he takes more account of shovels than he does of swords, but it would be a bold man of the line who would sneer at the career of Col. Cruse.

The colonel saw all kinds of service before he made the transfer to the staff and one of his exploits is told to-day in Sibley tents and in barracks wherever United States troops are camped or quartered.

Cruse was for years an officer in the Sixth cavalry. They say to-day when he picks up a sample shovel in the quartermaster's department he handles it as though it were a carbine. In the early summer of the year 1882 Second Lieut. Cruse was serving in "K" troop of the Sixth down in one of the hottest parts of hot Arizona. That was a time when the people in Arizona had no hankering after statehood. There were not as many of them as there are to-day and, as an Irishman might put it, they had their hands full dodging Apache arrows and bullets.

There is a place in Arizona called the Big Dry Wash—a curious name, but one fitting a creek bed in a rainless region. Second Lieut. Cruse was sent out with a following of six men one day on the trail of a band of Apaches. There were not enough troops in the country at that time and commands were divided and subdivided in order to cover the greatest amount of territory possible and to the end of discovering where the reds had rendezvoused, so that the scattered soldiers, when the discovery was made, might be gathered together and a descent be made upon the enemy in a body.

Lieut. Cruse and his little following reached the Big Dry Wash without finding the sign of an Apache. Beyond the basin of the Wash was a natural fortification of rocks. Cruse sent a trooper by the right flank to make a reconnoisance before ordering his men to cross the bare bed of the gulch. The trooper made a detour and took a peep behind the bowlders. He returned and reported that there wasn't an Indian in sight.

Then the little command, Cruse leading, pushed down into the basin and hell opened from behind the rocks to their front. Two of the seven saddles were emptied at the first volley and under the sharp order of their leader the soldiers gave way and sought the shelter of the rocks to the rear.

Lieut. Cruse did not obey his own order. He waited and in the face of the showering bullets he lifted a wounded trooper to his saddle and bore him back to shelter.

It was supposed that the second trooper who had fallen at the first fire of the Apaches was dead. Cruse looked out across the waste between him and the ambushed savages, the strength of whose fire told him that they outnumbered his squad 10 to one. While looking in the direction of the enemy Cruse saw the first trooper who had fallen turn himself on the sand. Then there happened one of those things which official army history disposes of in a line, but to which a chapter can scarce do justice.

Cruse, carbine in hand, stood up a fair and easy mark for a bullet. In an instant a red face showed above a rock beyond the stream bed and a rifle barrel appeared, aimed in the direction of the cavalryman. Before the weapon cracked Cruse, one of the best shots in the army, had sent a bullet through the Apache's head.

Then this second lieutenant—he was little more than a boy—rounded the rocks in front of him and walked straight across the open toward the wounded soldier. At every third step he fired and the bullets rattled on the rocks close to the heads of the lurking reds, who had seen their comrade's head split clean at a hundred and fifty yeards, and with that savage discretion which at times takes the place of savage courage, they did not dare show themselves sufficiently to take careful aim.

Cruse reached the wounded trooper. Then he glanced behind him. Two of his men had followed him, all unbidden. "Carry him, boys," said Cruse, "and I'll cover the retreat."

Back they went slowly. A savage braver than his fellows stood up, took careful aim at the group and fired. The bullet hit Cruse in the arm, but an ounce of lead from his carbine crashed into the Apache's chest. Cruse walked backward, while behind him his two troopers bore their stricken fellow.

Bullets marked all the pathway, but the magnificent nerve and courage of the soldier, who shot true with death staring him in the face, seemed to palsy the Apache's aim. They reached the breastworks, the officer, and the soldiers with their burden. Before taking to cover Cruse sent one last shot and it claimed a victim.

In an hour reinforcements came and a horde of savages was put to flight. Col. Cruse is in the quartermaster's department, but there are hundreds of older officers of the line who would like to have his record.

HARRIMAN DIES AT ARDEN HOME

IN BATTLE WITH RAIL KINGS HE HE HAD ALWAYS WON OUT.

JUST RETURNED FROM ABROAD

Began Business in Wall Street as a Clerk—Fish Put Him in Railroad Business and He Put Fish Out.

New York City.—Edward H. Harriman, the railroad magnate, died Thursday at his palatial home at Arden. He had recently returned from a trip abroad for his health.

WENT TO WALL STREET A POOR MAN AND SOON BECAME A "WIZARD."

Harriman talked rarely of his early life. It was a time of privation and toil. He came of a family rich in traditions, health and integrity, but wonderfully poor in the world's goods. The parish records of a little church down at Hempstead, L. I., show that one E. H. Harriman was born February 25, 1848.

The record may be seen at a church founded in 1702. It is a fashionable church now. In it is to be seen a simple and beautiful chancel, which the guide will tell you was put there by Harriman and his brother to memorize their birthplace, for the child, who, as a man, was destined to rule the railway world, was born in the rectory of the church.

Rev. Orlando Harriman, Jr., who first appears in the annals of the church as a deacon, was the father of the "Wizard." Harriman's father served as junior principal of the Academy at Sing Sing, New York, as assistant rector at Tarrytown, and in 1844 was appointetd rector of St. George's church at Hempstead. It was there that E. H. Harriman was born.

The elder Harriman held the position of rector of the Hempstead church until 1849, when he resigned because of differences with the parish hofficials over arrears of salary, and went to Staten Island as assistant rector of St. Paul's at Castleton.

E. H. Harriman was 6 years old when the family removed to Jersey City. There were six children in the family—John Nelson, Orlando, Edward H. and William McCurdy and two daughters, Lily and Annie.

The fortunes of the family were at low ebb during the period from 1850 to 1866. It was a time of extreme poverty. Through the dark clouds of adversity tood out the splendid heroism of a great and good woman, the mother of E. H. Harriman. She came from an old and aristocratic family of New Brunswick, N. J., and through the trying years she taught her husband patience and her sons true manliness. Much of his steadfastness, his courage and superb command Harriman undoubtedly derived from his mother.

Attended District School.

Late in the 60s, through the death of a relative the Harriman family inherited some money. It was not a great deal, but it enabled the father to retire. The family moved to a comfortable home and the sons were educated at a district school. E. H. Harriman's education was finished with a two-year course at a church school.

While but a young man E. H. Harriman married, and married well. His wife was a miss Mary Aerell of Rochester. Her father was a successful business man. Harriman's home ever was a happy one. He had two sons, W. Averell and Roland, and three daughters, Mary, Cornelia and Carol. Cornelia married Robert L Gerry.

Two of Harriman's brothers are dead. John Nelson Harriman died several years ago, and William McCurdy, the youngest, more recently. Orlando, the other brother, is in business in Brooklyn. Both of Harriman's sisters married well. His parents have been dead many years.

The story of Harriman's life after he entered Wall street as a clerk is one of continued successes. He started without capital and forced his way to the top. He made a name as a nimbled and alert floor trader and became a shrewd operator.

Motion Picture Man Burned.

Bolivar, Tenn.—In changing the carbon in a moving picture machine, Solon McDaniel accidentally dropped a discarded carbon in a pile of films, which instantly took fire. Several women and children were slightly hurt in crowding out of the public school building where the exhibtion had been running. McDaniel was badly burned about the face and hands.

Walter Wellman Quits Chase.

Christiana, Sweden.—A special dispatch from Tromsoe to the Aftenposten says that Walter Wellman has instructed his agent to arrange for the return to Paris of all the explorer's property from Virgil Bay, Spitzbergen.

Oil Run Increased.

Tulsa, Oklahoma.—The Gulf Pipe Line Company has gladdened the hearts of Oklahoma oil producers by the announcement that the daily pipe line runs will be increased from 13,000 to 20,000 barrels.

Judge Ben D. Clark Is Dead.

Sedalia, Missouri.—Ben D. Clark, for four years a judge of the Pettis county court, died at his home, seven miles from Green Ridge, following a second stroke of paralysis, sustained last Saturday.

Roosevelt Asks for Black Bass.

Washington, D. C.—Former President Roosevelt has requested the United States government to send a supply of black bass to British East Africa to be deposited in Lake Naivasha.

TRAINING OF CARRIER PIGEON

Art Has Progressed Further in Turkey Than in Any Other Part of the World.

The art of training carrier pigeons is said to have progressed further in Turkey than in any other part of the world. In this far land, noted among the nations for its backwardness in adopting the benefits of civilization, railroads are few and the telegraph and telephone are almost unknown. Hence many merchants, as well as the government, have come to depend for quick transportation of messages upon the little featherd carriers.

When a pigeon is old enough to have full use of its wings, it is taken in a covered basket to a spot about half a mile from its home. Then he is thrown with bold hand up into the air. Spreading its wings it quickly catches itself, circles about, and begins its flight. If it reaches home it has passed the preliminary test satisfactory. It is sent up at ever increasing distances, until it is able to travel 40 of 50 miles. A flight of this length assures the owner that the bird is now fit for all practical purposes. It may be trusted to fly any distance, overland, within its physical powers.

Before the bird is to be used for a flight it is generally kept in a dark room for some hours. It is given all the water it will drink, but is fed sparingly, that it may not be impelled by thirst to descend from the air. As an additional safeguard in this same line, its feet are washed with vinegar to keep them from becoming uncomfortably dry. For if the pigeon should go down to bathe in some stream it is likely that the message, which is written on thin paper and tied to the thigh or one of of the tail feathers, would be ruined.

Thrown into the air, the trained carrier circles upward in wide sweeps for a few minutes as if to get its bearings, then shoots away in the direction of its home, straight as a falling star.

Pigeons have been used to carry messages since ancient times. The Romans used them; they are recorded at the siege of Jerusalem in 1099. Their most remarkable use in modern times was during the siege of Paris by the Germans in 1870. The birds were smuggled in and out of the city in the market baskets of peasants and carried messages between the beleaguered Parisians and the French forces on the outside of the city which sought to aid them.

White Horse of Kilburn.

The biggest artificial horse in the world is the famous White Horse of Kilburn, near Thirsk, which was formed by a native of Kilburn 50 years ago, who cut away the turf in the correct form and then covered it with limestone—the whole occupying some two acres of the side of the hill. The figure makes a conspicuous landmark for over 20 miles round.